THE

Royal Courtly GARLAND,

IN SIX PARTS.

PART I. How the King of Bohemia having married a moſt virtuous Queen, and being afterwards viſited by a Foreign Prince, of whom the King became jealous, and hired his Cup-bearer to poiſon him; the Prince being acquainted with it, went to his own Country, and was ſoon after crowned there.

PART II. How the King put his Wife in Priſon, where ſhe was delivered of a Daughter, who was by the King's Order put into a Boat, and left to the Mercy of the Sea.

PART III. How the King in a Viſion, being aſſured of his Wife's Innocency, releaſed her, who ſoon after died with Grief.

PART IV. How the Child was drove into that Country where the Prince reigned, taken up by a Shepherd, and kept as his own.

PART V. How the King's Son fell in Love with her, and embarked with her and the old Shepherd for Italy.

PART VI. Being by a Storm drove into Bohemia, were confined; and how the King thereof knew ſhe was his own Daughter.

42-6-27/40

Licenſed and entered according to ord

The Royal Courtly GARLAND.

PART I.

A Tragical Story I have now to relate,
A king of Bohemia in ſplendor moſt great;
This royal King wedded a fair virtuous Queen,
The greateſt of beauties that ever was ſeen.
An outlandiſh prince of honour and fame,
Unto this king's court he a viſiting came,
Who then was attended with honour and ſtate;
The king ſent his nobles upon him to wait.
And likewiſe to welcome this prince to the court,
Great feaſting was made, with rare paſtime and ſport:
Now give your attention, and I'll ſhew you in brief,
How their joy was turned into ſorrow and grief.
The king ſaw his queen in the garden one day,
Walking with the young prince, which caus'd him to ſay,
I fear this young prince is too great with my queen,
And therefore I will ever bear him a ſpleen.
She proving with child, made his jealouſy more,
Becauſe ſhe had never conceived before;
The king was enraged with much violence,
And ſwore he would ſoon deſtroy the young prince.
The king called his cup-bearer then with all ſpeed,
Saying, When the prince comes to the table indeed,
Be ſure give him poiſon to end his life.
For he has been naughty with my beautiful wife.
To humour the king, the cup-bearer he ſaid,
Your majeſty's orders ſhall now be obeyed:
Not willing to do it, the cup-bearer went,
And gave the young prince to know his intent.
So ſoon as he had the king's treachery told,
The prince gave him twenty bright pieces of gold:
Saying,

Saying, I will now escape his blood-thirsty hand,
By steering away to my own native land.
Fearing the King's wrath, the Prince durst not stay,
The wind proving fair, he soon sailed away.
And in a small time to his Father's court came,
Where he was received with honour and fame.
Soon after this Royal Prince married a wife,
Who was the whole comfort and joy of his life:
His old father died in a little space.
And then the young prince reigned in his place.
His wife she conceived, and brought forth a son,
Which joyful tidings thro' the kingdom did run:
So now I will leave them in plenty great store,
And turn to the king of Bohemia once more.

PART II.

NOW when the old king found that he was got clear,
Then to his fair wife he proved sharp and severe:
Close lock'd in a castle he did her confine,
For to have her burnt this king did design.
At length she was delivered, as we hear,
Of a beautiful daughter most charming and fair;
A child of such beauty was scarce e'er beheld,
Then with a great Passion the king he was filled.
And taking the child with great violence,
Said, I'll kill it, because 'twas got by the prince:
'Tis like him, and therefore her blood shall run down,
No bastard shall ever inherit my crown.
His beautiful Queen then in sorrow did say,
None but your own self I e'er knew in that way,
I will not believe it, base Harlot, says he,
For this great offence, thou burned shall be.
To me nor my infant no mercy you'll shew,
On the throne above there's a just God, I know,
That surely will plague you for your cruelty,
So with conscience clear I truly shall die.

With-

With what you tax me, God knows I clear,
If you burn my body, I do not much fear,
But my ſoul in heaven with angels may dwell,
While you may with devils be ſcorched in hell.

Soon after this cruel king ſtudied another way,
The life of this innocent babe to betrap;
He told to his queen, with abundance of ſpite,
He'd let her try ſwimming, becauſe ſhe was light.

Then a little boat he did ſtraightway provide,
Reſolving to ſend her away with the tide:
I'll ſend her a voyage, when the wind fair doth blow,
She may come to fortune for ought that I know.

The queen ſhe then begged upon her bare knees,
Let me ſee my infant once more, if you pleaſe.
the beautiful infant was brought her once more,
With tears ſhe then kiſs'd it a thouſand times o'er.

A purſe of fine diamonds ſhe plac'd next her ſkin,
And faſtened it likewiſe ſecurely within;
a chain round her neck, and a mantle of gold,
Becauſe ſhe her infant no more might behold.

Oh! how it this cruel king's fancy did pleaſe,
to ſee this child floating upon the ſalt ſeas:
Where now we will leave this ſweet infant, and ſhow
the goodneſs of God, who all ſecrets does know.

PART III.

THIS King in his ſleep was diſturbed in mind,
three times was a voice heard, "Oh! king moſt unkind,
"that now has contriv'd to deſtroy the child's life,
"thro' jealouſy, there is no fault in thy wife.

Then waking from ſleep, he was heartily vex'd,
His conſcience was troubled, his mind was perplex'd:
He went to the caſtle when day did appear,
to aſk the queen's pardon, and ſtraight ſet her clear.

The worſt of all wretches, I ſurely have been,
For I have committed a baſe horrid ſin.

My

My dear wife and infant ſo vilely to ſerve,
the worſt of all puniſhments I do deſerve.
the child of my bowels is ſunk in the main,
I ne'er ſhall expect to have comfort again:
to think of theſe actions my panting heart bleeds,
Oh! how ſhall I anſwer for my unjuſt deeds?
the queen for her infant ſome time did lament,
Oh! there was a court full of ſad diſcontent:
She took to her bed, where her heart ſoon was broke,
and this to the king was a terrible ſtroke.
the court was in mourning for ſeveral years,
And likewiſe the king did ſhed many ſad tears:
Where now we muſt leave them in ſorrow to weep,
and return to the child that was left on the deep.

PART IV.

NOW let me ſhew you how providence ſmiled
Upon this ſweet innocent beautiful child:
By tempeſtuous waves it was drove on the ſhore,
Where that Prince reigned king, whom we ſpoke on before
a ſhepherd by chance came down to the ſea-ſide,
to look for ſome ſheep, when the boat he eſpy'd:
and ſeeing the infant, he ſtrangely did gaze,
a while the poor ſhepherd did ſtand in a maze.
Yet nevertheleſs he took up the ſweet child,
Seeing what was about it the old ſhepherd ſmil'd:
and being ne'er bleſs'd with a child in his life,
He carry'd this infant ſtraight home to his wife.
His wife ſaid, What infant is this I behold?
What baſtard is this? and began for to ſcold.
the ſhepherd ſaid, ſhe was drove cloſe to the ſhore,
But ſeeing the riches ſhe ſcolded no more.
the ſhepherd ſaid wife, We'll not call it our own,
But keep it a while that it may not be known:
I need not to keep any more ſheep on the plain,
I'll buy a farm, and ſo flouriſh amain.

The good wife ſaid, huſband, hear me if you pleaſe,
It is the beſt way to begin by degrees:
they'll ſay we have robbed upon the highway,
therefore take my counſel, dear huſband, I pray.

He took his wife's counſel, as we underſtand,
they in ſhort time bought a ſmall ſpot of land:
thus in decent manner, they went on, 'tis true,
and all his good neighbours commended him too.

PART V.

THIS child ſhe grew up much endued with grace,
A modeſt behaviour, and ſweet charming face:
and being now about the age of fifteen,
For beauty and wiſdom none like her was ſeen.

Firſt farmers, next 'ſquires, and knights of renown,
to the ſhepherd's houſe they all came flocking down:
and ſtrove to ſalute her with profers moſt kind,
But ſtill to love's fancy ſhe was not inclin'd.

It chanc'd the king's ſon rode a hunting one day,
and ſeeing this beauty in homely array:
Her charming ſweet features did torture him ſo,
the young prince was wounded by Cupid's ſure bow,

Oh! how this young prince was inflamed with love,
and ſtudying how he might his paſſion remove,
From a ſhepherd's daughter ſo low, mean, and poor,
Yet nevertheleſs he was tortured the more,

the prince he walk'd out, and met her in the field,
Amongſt her young lambs, where he quickly reveal'd
His paſſionate ſtory, ſaying, charmer ſo ſweet,
Grant me thy ſweet love, or I'll die at thy feet.

She anſwered him ſtraight, Royal Prince of renown,
Would you be diſinherited quite from the crown?
therefore Royal Prince, ſure it cannot be done,
I a ſhepherd's daughter, and you a king's ſon.

My kingdom and crown, love, I value it not,
I'll make thee my own, what e'er falls to my lot:

If you were a ſhepherd, dear prince, ſhe replied,
I could love you dearly, and be your ſweet bride.
the prince went and put on poor ſhepherd's array,
and came to this beauty a courting next day,
Said he, charming ſhepherdeſs, if you'll be my wife,
I ever will love you as dear as my life.
You're dreſſed like a ſhepherd, ſir, I may believe,
I know you, or elſe my eyes do me deceive:
therefore do not lead me thus in ignorance,
I fear you're no ſhepherd, but a Royal Prince.
He kiſſed and embraced her ſometime in his arms,
Saying, I am the prince that muſt yield to thy charms
to ſome foreign nation, dear love, let us go,
and we will be marry'd where none do us know.
He got a ſhip loaded, as we do underſtand,
With rich golden treaſures, for another land:
and took a page with him, whom he could iutruſt,
Who always had proued right faithful and juſt.

PART VI.

THE old ſhepherd hearing this, ſaid, She'll be ſpoil'd
I fear that the young prince will get her with child:
Oh! how ſhall we get her, wife, from the king's ſon?
I'll tell the king of it, or ſhe'll be undone.
then with the gold mantle he poſted away,
the prince's page met him, and ſaid, old friend, this day
the king for ſome pleaſure is gone on the ſeas,
I'll bring you on board to the king, if you pleaſe.
But when the old ſhepherd came on board, pray mind,
Inſtead of the king, the young prince he did find:
and likewiſe this beauty, dreſſed in rich array,
then ſtraight the old ſhepherd for pardon did pray.
the prince ſaid, old father, riſe up from your knees,
the ſhepherd ſaid, put me on ſhore if you pleaſe;
Or elſe my poor wife will be grieved full ſore.
No, ſaid the prince, I'll no truſt you on ſhore.

Now

Now while the poor ſhepherd his caſe did bewail,
they had a fair wind, ſo they hoiſted up ſail:
the ſhip as we hear, was to Italy bound,
But great grief and ſorrow encompaſſed them round.

A violent ſtorm on the ſeas did ariſe,
Drove them to Bohemia, then taken for ſpies,
their ſhip ſeized, and to priſon they went;
Hearing of this beauty, the king for her ſent.

So ſoon as this beautiful creature was brought,
the king then with luſt, to defile her he ſought:
Yet ſtill with the king, for her honour ſhe ſtrove,
Saying, Let me die for to ranſom my love.

then finding that ſhe would not yield, I proteſt,
he ſent her to priſon, lock'd cloſe from the reſt:
His hot luſtful love to hatred was turned,
He vow'd ſhe ſhould either be hang'd or burn'd.

At laſt they were brought to their trial, we hear,
Oh! how the old ſhepherd did tremble with fear,
May't pleaſe your grace, this child is none of my own:
then how he came by her, he made it all known.

He likewiſe produced the mantle of gold,
the king was amaz'd this ſtrange ſight to behold;
tho' long time the ſhepherd made choice of the ſame,
the king knew it well, being wrought with his name.

He ſwooned away, but recover'd again,
Saying, thou art my child, whom I laid on the main:
My child is alive, whom I thought to deſtroy,
the Prince made himſelf known too, which raiſed their joy.

With honour and triumph ſoon marry'd they were,
His father was ſent for, who quickly came there:
and likewiſe Dame Mopſy, the old ſhepherd's wife,
Whoſe dancing well pleaſed the court to the life.

the ſhepherd and his wife made paſtime and ſport,
the king made the ſhepherd a Lord of the court:
Now by what was thus acted, ye plainly may ſee,
that nothing can hinder what fate doth decree.

FINIS.